Verses for the Damned

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1. RAGE AGAINST THE MACHINE

A signal is unraveling across the world;
The signal holds great value to its fellow onlookers,
Neither does it hold regrets nor respect
To the state nor to its cookers.

This signal, never perishing,
Awaits its recognition;
The proletarian begins their mission.

The signal persists—
The spectators witness its truth.
All gather to join in:
The men, the women, and the youth.

The three unite against the leaders,
As do the readers.

War persists, and cries erupt
From this beautiful revolt;
Each cloud, now bleak,
Strikes a vicious bolt.

The end is nearing—
The hopes of the proletarian best their foes,
Who has no other feeling than sough.

2. THE HOUSE OF THE UNHOLY

Upon the outer embankments
Of the restrictive bounds of Providence
Lies a manor o' so iniquitous;
'Tis for the fellows of debauchery,
Those who seek the finest of marvels given by Nature.

The Lord submits pitifully—
To the house with none yielding
To Man's pathetic abstain.
Pleasure was the ruling edict,
Prejudices were dropped,
And pricks and cunts were the sole utensils
Of which were wielded in the house.

Who was Jesus to these voluptuaries?
Nothing hinted at trifles of that fashion—
After all, what would come of them?
Politicians, financiers, and the like
Encompassed the candidacy of the villa,
Each as atheistic as the other,
Undisciplined as a child,
And abominable only acquainted
By their distinct heroic undertakings,
Nearly as great as the old tale of Scylla.

Meaning, God, virtue?
All had no impact on these men,
Considering they prided themselves profusely
With crime o' so sublime
As a blooming Scilla.

Outsiders, far from the friends of our heroes,
Refuse to accept Nature;
Her crafts naught to the dolts.
Meanwhile, submit to virtue,
Revel in sacrament,
And chastise themselves for falsehoods
Whilst comparing themselves to be grander than our exemplars.

The dolts are drunk in pitiful stupidity,
Topped by the chivalry of ambitious knights.
Everyone is damned for life,
Whereas our marvelous friends
Savored within their house of liberty,
Run solely on their animal tempers.

3. WHAT NATURE WIELDS

‘Tis sublime and refined,
Beheld upon its onlookers;
Oh, what a sight to reckon with.
Nevermore has Man fathomed Providence’s caliber,
Whereof only the most splendid of crimes
Are conceded condoler.

Timber rims, blissful aromas,
A sharp point, and capricious essence
Adhered to, it did.
O’ Fuck the Saints! The apparatus—
‘Twas impeccable in every regard.
The trumpets of the heavens cry,
Their wistful beckons.
Prejudices held by men
Abscond in mere seconds.

What savior was there?
What was to suffice,
If not a higher essence
Bestow upon Man purpose?
Has he surrendered to nullity?
Or is it that virtue suffices
Not of Man’s caprice?

Pursue he must
In unearthing that question;
‘Tis only through the pen Nature wields
That Man grasps
What Providence strips from him.

4. THE CRIMES IN THE BEDROOM

Marvels granted by Nature’s utensil,
Whereof she flees not in her craft.
Go forth, voluptuaries, into the chambers—
Naught shall flee from your drunken minds!
Be no fool! Bequeath no remit of your vices!
Only indulge whereat erect does your shaft;
The chambers shall reverberate
Your debauchee kinds.

Foresee the cruelest accomplishments
Man could fathom in achieving within Providence;
Thrice must one eject,
Irreverently scorn virtue bestowed upon one,
And overbrim the quarters with crime
Whereof it shall reside.
wherein the chambers siege confidence;
Come acquainted with the edicts imposed,
Then one shall be master of crimes.

Friend, fear not the district
Which compensates your industries;
Oh! Birth heed wherewith you fancy.
Spoil yourself twofold
Unto the irrelevance borne by ministries.
The quarters reign as your domain.
Shame if you shall elide
The gifts can see.

5. PHILOSOPHY OF PUNITIVE ACTION

Who is it to decide Man’s fate,
And stipulate upon all,
Further than what one’s mephitic snout could contest?
Incest disgraces our families,
Sodomy violates the dear Lord’s decrees,
Lust is criminal.
Why serve fallacies as if they were
The only laws needed to make one
A sensible man rather than a savage?

Not one I’ve met,
Other than in a realm I so yearn for,
Has given thought to this
Absolute and unrestrained liberty.

Judging and punishing a man
For simply abiding by
What Nature has instilled in him
‘Tis not simply an utter insult
To his ego and might,
But a crime worse
Than the one I so aspire
To let loose in this impudent world.

Death presents itself as the only recourse
One is granted
To flee from this disordered world,
This haven for tyrants and contradictory sheep.
Whence the clutches of despotic men
Desist into mere stings,
I see no greater misfortune upon Man.

And shall I say,
Vagaries of Man never aware of
Shall sprout twigs when called upon.

So you, the reader, my friend,
Henceforth, we prevail,
The men who walk the grass
Nature so bestows Earth.
Nowise in time will a tyrant deceive,
And no doubt will I ever,
If the instant presents itself,
Surrender and relinquish our seized liberty.

I see no calling of remit
Of what we deem as our spirits,
And by the hour,
I see our fateful roses
Coating the vicious thorns
We had to endure beforehand.

Nonetheless, always see crime upon sight,
And consider that operates, assuredly,
A necessary motion for Nature
To continue her advances,
Or else this ideation of ours?
But a fantasy—plain and simple.

6. THE WICKED MISTRESS

Reared in a clan
Oh so vile, oh so wicked, oh so impious,
With bouts feigned mighty,
Not drifting from its post,
And passions one grasps not whereof.

O’ God, smite me to Hell,
For I’m an entity Providence shuns.
Expounds of mine shall not cease
Until the bolt of the heavens
Smites me to my deserved place.

What unprincipled manners!
Friend, do honesty—
You consider her to be the same breed as your
"Twould merely result in death.

By what virtue shall one revere such dissolution?
Ah, simply put, my friend,
One is but a vile body
Coated in a layer of virtue—
One isn’t merely good through deposition alone.

She is but a foil
Of idle fancies whereof one retains.
By virtue of this,
One knows not their nature,
Whereas the other drinks
Stimulating vice heavenly.

Nothing is discontinuing

One’s splendid path,
But rather, this sacrament
Shall spur one to climactic heights.
She is an ideal body to repent upon,
So hold no regret for what one may achieve.

Vagaries bear men do;
Enact upon them
The utter destruction of the statues
Bounding one from satiation.
And yes—she is the sole heir
Nature endows me,
Which no overlord
Could yearn to surmount!

7. WE’RE BUT THE SAME BREED

I hate none for what errors bind them,
For together we lie bound by them;
Solely, friend, we’re but the same breed,
Known merely to make such trifles
Seemingly ever so difficult.

Why not appreciate the world for what it is?
Why not ponder in pity?
Humanity, while dark it may be,
Has roses upon its thorns
If one sees to it to go forth after the charm.

Why do I say this?
What is there to be gained
By one saying idle words such as these?
Friend, these words aren’t idle in the slightest!

People are damned, I know,
But what is there to see
If one merely looks through a single lens?
Look through the entirety,
And one will see
Far more than which once sought.

8. THE WORLD MY EYES BEHOLD

The world my eyes behold,
Rather than what one may suppose,
be as far from buoyant.
We bray empty prospects,
Bray virtues,
Bray law—
All combine to make order,
Yet what runs these things
be solely crime, rebellion, unrest.

One foreseeing grace,
No matter if they themselves
Abide by the despotic commandments of virtue,
Are indeed the criminals,
For which they so surrender unto.

O’ Supreme Creator, take me to Hell,
never the despotic heavens
You so preach of!
Say I will, just,
How cruel the heavens be!
How you have yet to incinerate my vice,
And by no means
Will I ever consider
Your thunder is the least bit frightful.

My pen may be no sword,
Yet it so seems
To violate your spirits,
To lead you to punish
Your apostates

In such a manner
No parent would enact
Upon their offspring.

You see, yet realize not
Ever in consideration
For what actions you do,
By subverting free minds
And straying them
Far from the depths of logic.

Do what one will;
Have within one
Unprincipled tempers and caprice.
Which shall one abide by?
Nature shuns the pious men
That reside upon its grass.

Misfortune of this frightful world
It'll only befall them
If such thinking
Is permitted in their consciousness.

The man who lives by his vice
Will be the one who triumphs
Above the virtuous,
Through such means
One who is righteous,
Could only wish to rival.

9. A BILLET-DOUX TO DUCHESS NATURE

My love, Nature,
Will you ever not spare me of your grace?
Pardon not the embers you bray.
Let your floods be the torrents of my heart,
Let your winds beckon my spirits.

With your guidance,
Fleeting prejudices will be no more
Less than the others who renounce your stay;
Unto the thorns shall you lead me,
And thanks to, I further understand
The lies of virtue.

The peril of others is to be sought,
Crime is to be achieved,
Lust is to be the tyrant of it all;
My blood will be spilled
To appease the caprices of sin,
Whilst you, my love,
You will distribute all the roses
You can to me.

I will kiss you with my passion
And concede to your despotism,
Even if it pains me.
For which shall I forever scrawl?
In a world governed by your knowing,
I see no wrong
In whatever your brush
Wishes to paint upon its canvas.

I say to you:
Your gifts please my whims
Whilst indeed pursuing the highest crimes,
And my mind deems it
Such an honour,
Which would be but only offensive to repel.

Alas, my love,
I will listen,
Such, I'm your most staunch servant of the times;
Aspiring to be a bane to mankind
In favour of your poise
be all the more pleasing to me,
Knowing I'm
A murderous and impudent animal.

THE END